

EX. 1851. 282
400. A. 150

Selection of Music

AT THE

DINNER

GIVEN BY THE

COUNCIL OF CHAIRMEN

OF THE

METROPOLITAN LOCAL COMMISSIONERS.

TO THE

FOREIGN COMMISSIONERS

ON THE

Exhibition of all Nations,

AT

THE CASTLE, RICHMOND,

MAY 20, 1851.



London Gt. 1851. - Music

Wolke

Selection of Music,

MAY 20, 1851.



26.11.64.

LONDON:

THOMAS HARRILD, PRINTER, SILVER STREET,
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Who Act as Stewards.

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GRACE.

(From the Laudi Spirituali, A.D. 1545.)

For these and all Thy mercies given,
We bless and praise thy name, O Lord !
May we receive them with thanksgiving,
Ever trusting in Thy word.
To Thee alone be honour, glory,
Now and henceforth for evermore.

AMEN.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Dr. John Bull.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen :
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us ;
God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour ;
Long may she reign.
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

MADRIGAL. *Ford and Dr. Callcott.*

(The Poetry by Shakspeare.)

Come o'er the brook, Bessè, to me,
 My charming pretty Bessè ;
 No, she dares not come o'er to thee,
 My charming pretty Bessè.
 For herds are weeping, flocks are sleeping,
 Nymphs are peeping fearfully ;
 No, she dares not come o'er to thee.

But merrily, so merrily,
 For O! Love's bow shoots buck and doe ;
 Now she dares come o'er to thee,
 My charming pretty Bessè.

SONG.

Miss L. PYNE.

W. L. Phillips.

"SUMMER NIGHT."

Who loveth not a summer night,
 When stars shine bright above us,
 To gaze upon those worlds of light,
 And dream of those who love us?
 The starry night unfolds a spell
 That daylight hath forsaken,
 And hearts with deep emotion swell,
 That summer nights awaken.
 Then raise thy lattice, the moon invites,
 List to the nightingale in the grove;
 Love was made for summer nights,
 And summer nights were made for love.

The dullest heart must throb to-night,
 Beneath such influence glowing,
 As streams reflect the glitt'ring light,
 Though they are coldly flowing.
 Then seize the hours of summer night,
 Of all the seasons fairest,
 For well we know life's bitt'rest truth,
 The brightest are the rarest.
 Then raise thy lattice, &c.

DESCRIPTIVE GLEE.

In North America, sleighing is the common mode of transit from one place to another. As the vehicle glides almost noiselessly through the snow, bells are attached to the harness, and give warning of the approach of the sleigh.

Merrily, merrily sound the bells,
 As o'er the ground we roll,
 When the snow-drift breaks
 In silv'ry flakes,
 Beside our *cariole*.
 When wrapp'd in buffaloes, soft and warm,
 With mantle and tippet tight,
 We cheerily cleave the fleecy storm,
 Or skim in the cold moonlight.
 Merrily sound, &c.

Merrily, merrily sound the bells
 Upon the wind without,
 When the wine is mull'd,
 And the waffle cull'd,
 And the song is pass'd about.
 When rosy lips and dimpled cheeks
 The welcome jest inspire,
 And mirth in many a bright eye speaks,
 Around the hickory fire.
 Merrily sound, &c.

GLEE.

T. Attwood.

"THE CURFEW."

Hark! the curfew's solemn sound,
 Silent darkness spreads around:
 Heavy it beats on the lover's heart,
 Who leaves with a sigh his tale half told.
 The poring monk and his book must part,
 And fearful the miser locks up his gold.
 Now, whilst labour sleeps, and charmed sorrow,

O'er the dewy green,
 By the glow-worm's light,
 Unheard, unseen,

Dance the elves of night;
 Yet where their midnight pranks have been
 The circled turf betrays to-morrow.

GLEE.

Sir H. R. Bishop.

"THE CHOUGH AND CROW."

Solo.

The Chough and Crow to roost are gone—
 The owl sits on the tree—
 The hush'd winds wail with feeble moan,
 Like infant charity.
 The wild fire dances o'er the fen—
 The red star sheds its ray;
 Uprouse ye then, my merry men,
 It is our op'ning day.

Chorus.

Uprouse ye then, &c.

Solo.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
 And closed is ev'ry flower;
 And winking tapers faintly peep
 High from my lady's bower.
 Bewilder'd hind, with shorten'd ken,
 Shrink on their murky way:
 Uprouse ye then, &c.

Bass Solo.

Nor board nor garner own we now,
 Nor roof, nor latched door,
 Nor kind mate bound by holy vow
 To bless a good man's store.
 Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
 And night is grown our day:
 Uprouse ye then, my merry men,
 And use it as ye may.

Chorus.

Uprouse ye then, my merry men,
 It is our op'ning day.

GLEE.

Sir H. R. Bishop.

"THE WINDS WHISTLE COLD."

The winds whistle cold, and the stars glimmer red,
 The flocks are in fold, and the cattle in shed;
 When the hoar frost was chill,
 Upon moorland and hill,
 And was fringing the forest bough,
 Our fathers would trowl the bonny brown bowl,
 And so will we do now, jolly hearts.
 Gaffer Winter may seize upon milk in the pail,
 'Twill be long ere he freeze the bold brandy and ale,
 For our fathers so bold, they laughed at the cold,
 When Boreas was bending his brow,
 For they quaffed mighty ale, and they told a blithe
 tale,
 And so will we do now now, jolly hearts.

MADRIGAL.

(1600) *Dr. Wilson.*

(Words from Shakspeare's Poems.)

O, by rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals,
The shepherd swains shall dance and play,
For thy delight on each May-day,
With a fa, la, la.

Where silver sands and pebbles sing
Eternal ditties to the spring,
There shall you pass the welcome night,
In sylvan pleasure and delight,
With a fa, la, la.

GLEE.

Sir H. R. Bishop.

“BLOW GENTLE GALES.”

Blow, gentle gales, and on your wing,
Our long-expected succours bring.

Look, look again

'Tis all in vain.

Lo! behold a pennant waving—

'Tis the sea-bird's pinions laving.

Hark! a signal fills the air—

'Tis the beetling rock resounding,

'Tis the hollow wave rebounding,

Wild as our hope, and deep as our despair.

GLEE.

Sir H. R. Bishop.

"WHEN THE WIND BLOWS."

When the wind blows, when the mill goes,
Our hearts are light and merry;
When the wind drops—when the mill stops,
We drink, and sing hey, down, derry.